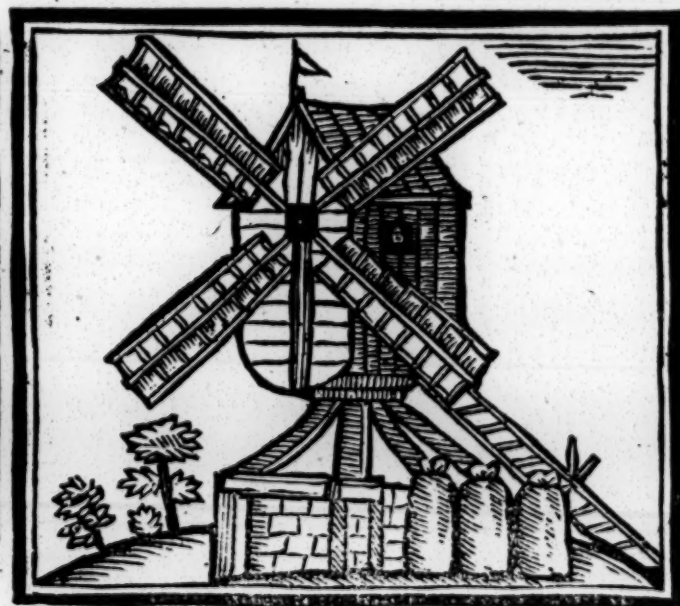


# THE Crafty Maid of the West:

O R,  
The lusty brave Miller of the *Western* Parts finely trapan'd.  
A merry new Song to fit Young-men and Maids.  
Tune of, *Packingtons Pound.*



**Y**OU Millers, and Taylors, & Weavers each one  
I'd wish you to listen unto my new Song :  
Here a good example I open will lay,  
Of a lusty brave Miller that late went astray :  
He out-past the Cobler, though he was so wild,  
In one week to get nine wenches with Child ;  
Let Millers take heed how they mischeif devise,  
Or deal with young wenches that's crafty & wise.

This Miller was lusty, was stout, and was strong,  
And to many Maidens he did much wrong ;  
If he met with a Lass was fair to the eye,  
He'd have a bout with her, or he would know why :  
He'd smooth up mens' wives if he saw them willing,  
With a peck of Wheat, or else an odd shilling.  
Let Millers etc.

There dwelt a young damosel both handsome & fair,  
And many a Suiter to her did repair :  
Among all the rest this Miller would be  
A Suiter unto her, and her would go see :  
An Inn-keepers servant this Maiden she was,  
But a Husbandmans daughter it so came to pass.  
Let Millers etc.

He put on his best clothes, and he powder'd his hair,  
As if he had been some Gentlemans heir,  
With his boots & his spurs, & his hanger so brave,  
And a lusty brave horse to carry this knave :  
Thus Gentleman like from the top to the toe  
Where this damosel did dwell the Miller did go.  
Let Millers take heed how they mischeif devise,  
Or deal with young wenches that's crafty & wise.

## The Second Part,

to the same Tune.

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**H**E call'd for his Chamber or a private Room,  
To speak with this Maid quickly and soon :  
But when he esp'd her he did admire  
Her beauty at present set his heart on fire :  
All hail thou fair Virgin the Miller did cry,  
Grant me but your favour or else I shall die.  
Let Millers take heed how they mischief devise,  
Or deal with young wenches that's crafty & wise.

The damosel with modesty straitway reply'd,  
What good I can do you its ne'r be deny'd ;  
Why then I will tell you my fairest (said he)  
It is but to have one nights lodging with thee,  
No silver nor gold shall part us in twain,  
Besides a friend to thee I will remain :  
If thou dost prove true I will marry thee,  
Therefore my sweet Virgin take pity on me.

But first I must tell you I have made an oath  
And now for to break it I am very loath :  
The first man that ever in bed to I go,  
He must be stark naked from top to the toe ;  
With all my heart honey the Miller replied,  
I like well thy motion, its ne'r be deny'd.  
Besides (said the damosel) three pounds in my hand  
I mean for to have if this bargain do stand.

The money he gave her unto her desire,  
And all things she granted that he did require :  
His bed she then sheeted both handsome & brave,  
And finely trappan'd this cheating young knave,  
She mistrusted what porrage this Miller did mind,  
Which made the young maid to sit him in's kind.  
Let Millers etc.

She got some horse hair and chopt very small,  
And some Rattle-seeds to mix it withal :  
She dyest them and sift them and put them in bed,  
This was a good way to save her Maidenhead :  
And when she had done it away she went,  
And straightway sit by him as no harm she meant.  
Remember your promise sweet Lady, said he,  
Your Bed is ready, then strait reply'd she.

So this lusty brave Miller to bed then he goes,  
According to his promise he doth all his clothes,  
His breeches, his doublet, his shirt and his hat,  
For he was in hopes to have a bit for his Cat,  
But he was deceived as it doth appear,  
But now all the cream of the jest you shall hear.  
Let Millers etc.

Long this brave Miller in bed did lie,  
But he thought that his sweetheart would come  
by and by,  
Instead of his sweetheart he rubbed his eyes  
His sides, sack and belly, yet loath for to rise,  
He scratched & rubbed, his clothes tore and rent,  
With fretting & sweating his breath almost spent,  
At last out of bed he got and he swore  
As if the Room in pieces he'd tore.

The Tapster then seeing him naked to stand,  
He chanced to have a horse-whip in his hand,  
For pity now help the miller did cry,  
That I will (said the Tapster) anon by and by :  
He whipt him about the Chamber so sore  
Made him to bepiss all the Chamber floor,  
Because he perceived his actions were base,  
He ne'r pittied the miller, but jeer'd him to's face.

The maid she laugh'd at him and thus did reply  
Sir I was a coming why did you not lye ?  
But the miller he fretted, he curst, & he cry'd  
Must I lose my money and be punish'd beside ?  
You'r right enough served then straight replied she,  
Your money you ne'r shall have more out of me ;  
You'll pay for your wit, tho you thought me beguiled  
I have cool'd his courage for being so wild.

The miller himself no answer could make,  
But stood like a Bull that was baited at Stake :  
At last in a rage away he did ride,  
With his back all heblister'd and so was his side ;  
The maid was commended for serving him so,  
But the miller is jeered by all that him know.  
Let Millers take heed etc.